

A P O E M

VPON THE

Imprisonment of Mr Calamy in Newgate.

By Robert Vild, D.D. Author of the late *Iter Boreale*.

THis Page I send you Sir, your *Newgate Fate*
Not to condole, but to congratulate.
I envie not our Mitred men, their Places
Their rich Preferments, nor their richer *Rees*:
To see them Steeple upon Steeple set,
As if they meant that way to Heaven to get
I can behold them take into their Gills
A dose of Churches, as men swallow Pills

And never grieve at it: Let them swim in Wine
While others drown in tears, I'll not repine,
But my heart truly grudges (I confess)
That you thus loaded are with happiness;
For so it is: And you more blessed are
In *Peters Chain*, than if you set in's Chair.
One Sermon hath prefer'd you so much Honour,
A man could scarce have had from Bishop *Banner*;
Whilst we (your Brethren) poor Erraticks be,
You are a glorious fixed Star we see.
Hundreds of us turn out of House and Home,
To a safe Habitation you are come.
What though it be a Gaol? Shame and Disgrace
Rise only from the Crime, not from the place.
Who thinks reproach or injurie is done
He only by that black upon his brow
Allures spectators more; and so do you.
Let me find Honey, though upon a Rod,
And prize the Prison, where my Keeper's God:
Newgate or Hell were Heaven if Christ were there,
He made the Stable so, and Sepulchre.
Indeed the place did for your presence call;
Prisons do want perfuming most of all.
Thanks to the Bishop and his good Lord Mayor,
Who turn'd the Den of Thieves into a House of Prayer:
And may some Thief by you converted be,
Like him who suffer'd in Christs company.
Now would I had sight of your Mittimus;
For I would know why you are dealt with thus.
Jaylor, set forth your Prisoner at the Bar,
Sir, you shall hear what your offences are.

First, It is prov'd that you being dead in Law
(As if you car'd not for that death a straw)
Did walk and haunt your Church, as if you ld scare
Away the Reader and his Common-Prayer.
Nay 'twill be prov'd you did not only walk,
But like a *Puritan* your Ghost did talk.
Dead, and yet Preach! these *Presbyterian* slaves
Will not give over Preaching in their Graves.

Item, You playd the Thief, and it be so,
Good reason (Sir) to *Newgate* you should go:
And now you're there, some dare to swear you are
The greatest Pick-pocket that ere came there:
Your Wife too, little better then your self you make,
She is the Receiver of each Purse you take.
But your great Theft, you act it in your Church,
(I do not mean you did your Sermon lurch,
That's crime *Canonical*) but you did pray
And preach, so that you stole mens hearts away.

So that good man to whom your place doth fall,
will find they have no heart for him at all:
This Felony deserv'd Imprisonment;
What can't you *Nonconformist* be content
Sermons to make except you preach them too;
They that your places have, this Work can't do.
Thirdly, 'tis prov'd, when you pray most devout
For all good men, you leave the Bishops out:
This makes Seer *Sheldon* by his powerful spel
Conjure and lay you safe in *Newgate-hell*:
Would I were theretoo, I should like it well.
I would you durst swast punishment with me;
Pain makes me fitter for the company
Of rearing boys; and you may lie a bed,
Now your Name's up; pray do it in my stead,
And if it be deny'd us to change places,
Let us for sympathy compare our cases;
For if in suffering we both agree,
Sir, I may challenge you to pity me:
I am the older Goal-bird; my hard fate
Hath kept me twenty years in *Cripple-gate*;
Old Bishop *Gout*, that Lordly proud disease,
Took my fat body for his Diocess,
Where he keeps Court, there visits every Limb,
And makes them (*Levite-like*) conform to him.
And makes enquiry into every point:
A bitter enemy to preaching; he
Hath half a year sometimes suspended me:
And if he find me painful in my station,
Down I am sure to go next Visitation:
He binds up, looseth; sets up and pulls down;
Pretends he draws ill humours from the Crown:
But I am sure he maketh such ado,
His humors trouble Head and members too:
He hath me now in hand, and ere he goes,
I fear for *Hereticks* he'll burn my toes.
O! I would give all I am worth, a fee,
That from his jurisdiction I were free.

Now Sir, you find our sufferings do agree,
One Bishop clapt up you another me:
But oh! the difference too is very great,
You are allow'd to walk, to drink and eat,
I want them all, and never a penny get.
And though you be debar'd your liberty,
Yet all your Visitors I hope are free,
Good men, good women and good Angels come
And make your Prison better then your home.
Now may it be so till your foes repent
They gave you such a rich Imprisonment.
May for the greater comfort of your lives,
Your lying in be better then your Wives.
May you a thousand friendly papers see,
And none prove emptie, except this from me.
And if you stay may I come keep your door,
Then farewell Parsonage, I shall ne're be poor.

FINIS.